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# APPLE BLOSSOMS

BY  
CARRIE WETMORE McCOLL

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## FOREWORD

BY DR. J. D. LOGAN,

*Lecturer on Canadian Literature, Acadia  
University.*

MRS. MCCOLL has the gift of poetry. In the exercise of the poetic faculty she conceives the function of verse-making rather as a dissipation than as a discipline. Her mind being filled with images from nature and from the experiences of the human heart, she must express these images in colorful and musical forms. But the forms are in nowise to be burdened by mere external rigidities of metres and rhythms. She is not a Futurist, Cubist, Imagist, or even a devotee of *vers libre*, in what she writes. Poetry for her is the expression of inner emotion, and therefore what counts is the substance, not the manner. Consequently, since she must express the emotion within her, that is, the perceptions of beauty which she experiences, all that, in her view, is necessary is to write down, according to the *natural flow* of her ideas, the thoughts that arise in her heart and imagination. In short, *expression* of beautiful *impressions* is, for Mrs. McColl, real poetry. The formalists may have their way, as they please;

but Mrs. McColl, she too, will have her own highly individual way.

Not everyone will agree that Mrs. McColl is right in this matter. It is true that beauty of substance is a paramount element of poetry; but there are many, nay, a majority, who conceive the form or manner as more than, or as not less than, the substance. My own view is that while crediting Mrs. McColl with a plethora of poetic ideas and images, her verse would be more acceptable to the public, and certainly to the critics, if it were less amorphous, or, at least, more obedient to the laws of simple verse-structure, rhythm and rhyme. But this sort of unconventionality in poetic construction is a general fault of Canadian poets. Many, however, will get pure enjoyment from Mrs. McColl's volume.

Halifax, 1920.

J. D. LOGAN.

## NATURE VERSES





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# APPLE BLOSSOMS

## APPLE BLOSSOMS

*Sweet apple blossoms, pink and white,  
And Days of Used-to-be,  
My soul cries out for you to-night  
With tears o'erflowing me.*

*Among your leaves  
Soft buzz of bees,  
Dear blossoms bright  
Sweet pink and white;  
Oh! take me back again to these,  
To-night—to-night!*

*I'm tired now, and oh! so weary,  
The days go by on leaden feet;  
To look ahead the way seems dreary;  
Changed sadly now from days so sweet  
With apple blossoms pink and white,  
Oh! take me back again to-night!*

*I loved the birds, the bees, the flowers;  
I loved the long, bright sunny hours;  
But best of all I loved was thee  
Dear pink-and-white old apple tree.*

*Sweet apple blossoms, pink and white,  
And Days of Used-to-be;  
Long have I sighed for you to-night  
With tears unceasingly.*

*Although, alas! I long in vain  
For those dear days  
I'll ne'er regain.  
So life, and you, to me the same  
Will never, never be again.*

## THE VIOLET

LITTLE wee violet,  
Sweet little flower,  
Modest, fragile,  
Tender, coy,  
Hiding your tiny head,  
From us away,  
All winter long,  
Day after day.

When you waken  
From your sleep,  
And at the world  
You shyly peep,  
To let us know  
That you are near,  
And spring is here,  
We sing for joy.

Dear little violet,  
Sweet little flower,  
Asleep all day,  
And hour by hour,  
All winter long

You hide away  
Till melting snow  
And April's shower  
We find thee sweet,  
Wee fragile flower.

O sweet violet,  
Little flower  
Growing all unseen!  
Mid storm and wind  
You hide  
In bed of green.  
Through dark and gloom,  
Till in rich bloom  
By us is seen  
'Neath melting snow  
And April's shower,  
O sweet scented,  
Fragile flower.

## SUNSET

Of the glories of the sunset  
The half has ne'er been told,  
With thy colors softly merging  
From bright crimson unto gold.

Now the sun is sinking,  
Sinking in the west;  
Its glorious colors rivalling  
Those of the Robin's breast.

Every sunset changes,  
No two are just alike;  
Beauteous forerunner  
Of the coming night.

Oh, the iridescent color  
As through a prism  
Oft is seen,  
With here and there a thread  
Of silver  
Interwoven with one  
Of green.



Like soft bubbles blending,  
    Slowly blending  
    As they come.  
When lo! upon our vision  
    Breaks  
One grand, glorious  
    One.

Again the sunset  
    Is of grey;  
They all too soon  
    Do fade away  
But to repeat  
From aye to aye  
    The miracles  
Of the sky.

## THE SONGSTER

O! SILVER-THROATED warbler thou,  
Your notes so sweetly pure, you sing  
With ecstasy your song, you thrill  
And hold us—spellbound—still.

In rapture we behold thee,  
Note the gleaming of thy wing;  
Entranced beyond all measure,  
We listen whilst you sing.

Your tones so rich with melody,  
Of trills and runs, so sure;  
We gaze in simple wonder  
And with reverence adore.

Could we but have such music  
In our hearts from eve till morn,  
We would have by far more roses,  
Far greater, ne'er a thorn.

## THE BUGLE CALL

### THE LAST GOOD-BYE

HARK to the call of the bugle!  
List to the battle cry!  
Our sons we have to part with;  
This their last good-bye.

Hark to the tramp of marching!  
Look—to the flag unfurled!  
Our sons we have to part with,  
O mothers of the world.

Dark the days without them;  
Sad are they and lone,  
Till back from scenes of battle  
We welcome our loved ones home.

From out the countless number  
Some have ne'er returned;  
So these we cannot welcome,  
O mothers of the world.

## JOY BELLS

LIFE's not all sad  
For it is mete  
Mixed the bitter  
With the sweet,  
Not with a *thousand* tongues  
But *one*—I speak.

If some days  
For *me* and *you*  
Mixed seem the flowers  
With the rue,  
Joy Bells—Ring ahead,  
If only we through sadness  
Could see the Happiness instead.

Tho' the clouds  
Are filled with rain,  
Lost seems the way to find again,  
Heaven's just ahead;  
If only we through darkness  
Could see Our Saviour's face instead.

## DREAMING

A child again  
I long to be,  
In the dusk  
On mother's knee.

Or in my cot  
So warm at night,  
Tucked 'neath the covers  
Soft and white.

The crimson curtains  
Drawn aside,  
In softly did  
The moonbeams glide,

And merrily danced  
In fantasy,  
Through the great window  
Which I could see.

Such wonderful stories  
Too did hear,  
Which no one told  
Like mother dear.

'Then the stars  
Strange things would do;  
Winking,—play  
At peek-a-boo.

Fascinating,  
Seem to try  
Alluring charms  
As rivals vie  
With mother's soft,  
Sweet lullaby.

The firelight, flickering  
On the wall,—  
I look back now  
And see it all.

The moonlight  
Gleaming on the snow  
As to singing  
Sweet and low  
Asleep to mother's lullaby  
I go.

## MEMORIES OF HOME

Oh memory—  
In your full grasp  
You bring  
Sweet thoughts of  
Childhood life and spring  
Yet  
Through it all  
I hear again  
The sad, sad strain,  
The frogs' refrain,  
In cadence shrill  
But melody still,  
Of  
Peep,—peep!  
Peep,—peep!  
Oh—  
Sweet,—sweet!

Oh happy days,  
Long since gone by,  
When over  
Fields rich with violets,  
Buttercups and clover,  
I used to roam,  
When I was home,  
When I was home,

Yet  
Through it all  
I hear again  
The sad refrain,  
The frogs retain  
Of  
Peep,—peep!  
Peep,—peep!  
Oh—  
Sweet,—sweet!

I can ne'er forget,  
For memories cling  
Of  
Childhood's hours  
And spring,  
Where flowers  
In profusion grew,  
So well  
I knew.  
Oh, happy days,  
Long since gone by,  
Could I  
But recall  
Just one,—  
I do not ask  
For all,—  
Just one sweet day  
To wander as I will  
O'er scenes of Childhood,  
Meadow and the hill,

Myself again  
I see;  
A child I sat,  
A little lad



With bare feet  
And tattered hat,  
Where trees  
    And  
Bushes met  
Alders, pussy willows,  
    And yet  
Through it all  
I hear the same  
Sad, sad refrain  
The frogs retain  
    Of  
Peep,—peep!  
Peep,—peep!  
    Oh—  
Sweet,—sweet!

The years between  
Again I see  
With more of loss  
And less of gain  
    For me.  
My senses reel,  
    My sight  
    Grows dim  
As once again  
    I feel  
The perfume sweet  
    Of flowers  
    Steal  
O'er me as before  
In the haicyn days  
    Of yore,  
And I sleep, sleep,  
Sweet,—sweet!  
P-e-e-p—p-e-e-p.

## MY MOTHER

As on my pillow  
Nights I lie,  
I think of mother,  
Why did she die?  
When in fancy  
Comes to me,  
Her rocking chair  
And bed I see,  
Of all she was,  
How good was she.  
Then tears they come  
O'erflowing me.

Possessions mine!  
Take all of me,  
Of one thing and another,  
If in her dear arms again could be.  
My mother,  
Oh, my mother!

Those dear hands,  
So soft,  
Though brown.  
I feel them now  
My hair smooth down.  
And her sweet face  
I see.  
Oh, mother dear, my mother,  
Come back again to me!

## LINES TO A BLUEBELL

O BLUEBELL, dear little bluebell,  
As on your slender stem you sway,  
What is it that you wish to say  
What sweet message to us convey?  
O tell us, pretty bluebell.

In summer's wind and summer's shower  
Of bee and butterfly the bower,  
The tinkle, tinkle of your bell,  
What is it that you wish to tell,  
O thou little flower?

This is the message which comes from you,  
As a little lad I think I knew :  
Be good, be brave, be kind, be true ;  
This is the message which comes from you.

So hasten now and listen,  
Heed all it has to say ;  
For, O my gentle reader,  
It is not always May.

O sweet and little flower,  
What memories you bring,  
Of childhood's happy hour  
And days of gentle spring.

Now the bells for me seem jangled  
And so very out of tune,  
As the morning of my life is  
Fast rushing on to noon.

But keep on ringing, little bluebell,  
Keep on ringing every hour;  
Keep on ringing, little flower,  
For your duty is not done  
With the setting of the sun;  
For forever you must stay  
On your slender stem to sway,  
Dear little flower.

So with sun and bees and butterflies gay,  
Help still the little children play;  
Do not think your race is run  
Till all the children's hearts you've won.

O what a lovely life to live,  
Always having more to give;  
Every year new little ones come  
To watch you nodding in the sun;  
So your day has just begun,  
O bluebell.

Now, good-night to birds and bowers,  
Honey bees and sunny hours;  
Summer's winds and summer's showers,  
And to the busiest of all flowers,  
Thou little bluebell.

## THE MAYFLOWER

The sweetest of all—  
The flower—  
The first to come,  
The first to grow;  
'Neath moss and snow,  
The first to show.  
Though hard to see,  
So pure,—so wee,  
Hiding in sweet  
Simplicity—  
Awaiting the kiss  
Of April's shower.  
Behold! the sweetest of all,  
The little Mayflower.

Shy sweet flower, the first to bring  
Of Hope the sweet thought to us,  
    'Tis Spring.

## SILVER THAW

O wonderful silver thaw;  
Your sparkling threads a-twining  
In and out from tree to tree,  
Like silver beads are shining.

O wonderful silver thaw;  
This morn when I did waken,  
Your wonders through the night I saw,  
My soul was truly shaken.

Then let us drink of more and more  
Your beauty to o'erflowing;  
For now the sun is shining,  
Your charm will soon be going.

## BUTTERFLY

O BUTTERFLY, gay charmer,  
Sipping honey from every  
Flower,  
Never constant long  
To any,  
O Butterfly,  
Your loves  
Are many.

Fickle fellow,  
Bold Cavalier,  
Never of your flatteries  
Share,  
As you flit from  
Rose to clover.  
O Butterfly,  
Thou rover.

Gay deceiver,  
In coat of flame,  
Perhaps you may not  
Be to blame.  
As you flit from  
Red to yellow  
You are just  
A thoughtless fellow.

## THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY

Why in strange lands  
Go seeking there,  
And of their beauties rave,  
When the Valley of Annapolis fair  
Hath all these charms  
Of which ye crave?  
Why not go there?

Our tired senses over-wrought  
No subtler charm  
Could e'er be brought,  
Or so peaceful sweet a calm  
As with apple blossoms fraught;  
The perfumed breeze to us is borne  
A soothing balm.

Sweet fragrant trees  
'Mid fields of green,  
Oh! valley fair  
With blossoms seen.  
A most enchanting mass of glory—  
An Artist's dream,  
A Poet's story.



## THE LURE OF THE SEA

WITHIN the depths,  
From out the deep,  
A voice!  
I hear it say,  
"Come unto to me,  
And I will give;  
Ask of what  
You may."

What shall I do?  
What shall I say?  
Afraid to go,  
In fear to stay!  
The music weird,  
It calleth me;  
While it appalleth me,  
Yet it draweth me.

What shall I say?  
I'll answer "No."  
What shall I do?  
I will not go.  
I here must stay,  
A coward rather be,  
Than be lured to your embrace,  
Oh! thou most treacherous sea.

## AUTUMN

THE summer-time is over,  
Cool autumn now has come;  
With tinting trees  
And falling leaves  
Her duties have begun.

Hoar frost upon the meadow,  
Hoar frost upon the grain;  
This is the way cool autumn  
Her stay begins to reign.

As the nights grow colder,  
Slowly does she creep  
Into the lap of nature,  
There to rest and sleep.

Then grim winter  
Comes along,  
Picks up the thread  
And sings his song.

Of all who come  
For why the reason  
Of spring the first  
Begin the season.

So one by one,  
And all together,  
Make the sum and substance  
Of life and weather.

## THE CONSCRIPT

THREE horsemen  
A-galloping come,  
What want of me?  
What have I done?  
    Woman! of thee  
We want your son—  
    A Conscript—  
For him have come.  
We are the Law,  
Unbar the door.

In trembling and in fear,  
The son in hiding near,  
Shrinking from the light,  
An object of despair;  
Waiting—A-listening, come  
The oft-repeated beat of drum.

Three a-galloping came,  
Three they go no more;  
The same, yet not the same,  
The horsemen now are four.

## A FLOWER

A FLOWER grew among the grain  
Of heaven's blue, now, guess its name;  
Oh, don't you know? I'll tell you what,  
The little wee Forget-me-Not.

## RAPIDS

O thou dark, and boisterous waters,  
Pushing boldly on your way;  
Like some mad thing, rushing  
All relentless of its prey.

In your heedless passion,  
In your tempestuous flight,  
You make the gentle rivers  
Seem *weak* beside *your might*.

In stern, majestic glory,  
In cold and ruthless sway,  
You keep on in blinded fury  
Till in seething foam you lay.

It is not for us to censure,  
As your frowning face we scan,  
For both ye rapids and ye rivers  
Are fulfilling Nature's plan.

## RAPIDS, No. 2

IN cool and calm defiance  
You rear your mighty head,  
Commanding in your glory,  
Commanding in your tread.

Obstructions in your pathway  
You firmly cast aside,  
Commanding in your dignity,  
Commanding in your pride.

Conscious of your power,  
Conscious of your might;  
Majestically, swaying  
In full knowledge of your right.

CHILDREN'S VERSES



## BUBBLES

Oh! come my little one,  
Come my wee dearie,  
With bubbles so bright,  
So light and so airy.  
We'll play in each one,  
There's a good little fairy.

First will I blow,  
Just you how to show;  
Oh! look up on high,  
Mine went to the sky.  
Now, come my wee dearie,  
It's your turn to try.

Oh! see yours are best,  
The brightest by far;  
One went to the moon,  
One went to the star.  
So look, here's another,  
Chasing its brother.

Of bubbles so bright,  
So light and so airy,  
We'll play in each one  
There's a good little fairy.  
A father and mother,  
Wee sister and brother.



Oh! look how they go,  
Some fast and some slow;  
But everyone 'bright  
With colors aglow.  
The same as we've seen  
In the shining rainbow;  
Of yellow and purple,  
Of orange and green;  
Now, back here they come,  
Oh! where have they been?

I think it quite time,  
As it's now after nine,  
To creep off to sleep  
Sweet baby of mine.  
I know you are weary,  
Your 'eyelids are heavy;  
We'll stop blowing bubbles,  
We'll stop playing fairy.  
So, come my little one,  
Come my wee dearie,  
In your warm cot,  
I tuck you so cheery.

## QUEEN MAB

WAKE up, Little Daisy,  
The morning has come;  
Make your pretty bow  
To the bright sun.

Shake all the pearly drops  
Out of your lap.  
Come, Little Daisy,  
It's no time to nap.

Queen Mab of the Fairies  
Is now at the gate,  
On her milk-white steed  
She is sitting in state,

A wand in her hand  
Of a four-leaf clover,  
Awaiting her subjects  
To look over.

So wake up, Little Daisy;  
You still will have time  
To smooth your white dress  
And golden hair twine.

Oh! now I remember  
Your afternoon tea  
Among the bright flowers  
With Prince Bumble Bee.

For this I'll not chide you,  
Knowing now why you're late;  
But hasten, White Daisy,  
The Queen will not wait.

A wave of her wand  
Of magic within,  
Might change your sweet form  
In impatient chagrin.

## THE SQUIRREL

Oh! Happy Little Squirrel,  
Sitting in the sun;  
How I love to watch him  
Run, run, run.

Happy Jack they call him,  
Rightly named is he;  
Oh! how I love to watch him  
Jump from tree to tree.

Busy little fellow,  
Busy as a bee;  
Sharp bright eyes,  
How they snap at me.

Oh! how I love to watch him  
Jump from tree to tree.

Who taught you, little fellow,  
Against a rainy day  
To lay in stores for winter,  
Oh! say, say, say?

Saucy little fellow,  
Always on the go;  
Pretty little squirrel,  
Oh! I love you so.

Have you ever watched him  
Make his work seem play?  
Happy little squirrel,  
Happy all the day.

Oh! how I love to watch him  
Jump from tree to tree?  
Sweetest little squirrel,  
You have a friend in me.

Oh! you happy little fellow!  
As you look at me and blink,  
In your coat of brown and yellow,  
Tell me what it is you think?

Oh! how I love to watch him  
Jump from tree to tree;  
Dearest little squirrel,  
I love thee.

Chirping, chirping,  
All the day;  
I wonder what it is  
You say.

Always happy, always gay,  
As you frisk along your way.

Oh! how I love to see him  
Sitting in the sun,  
How I love to see him  
Run, run, run.

Oh! how I love to see him  
Jump from tree to tree;  
'Cutest little squirrel,  
*We all love thee.*

## BIRDIE

DEAR little Birdie,  
High up in the tree;  
Come little Birdie,  
Come home with me.

Would you not like  
On a gold bar  
    To swing,  
And softly and sweetly  
Your melodies sing?

Or would you much rather  
Give vent to your song,  
And sing out quite boldly  
As you hop along,  
And fill the green woods  
With your warbling  
    Thrill,  
So that it may echo  
From hill to hill?

*No, No*, little Birdie,  
A cage would not do;  
Not even a gold one  
Would ever hold you.

So, so, little Birdie,  
I think you are right ;  
As no cage  
Could hold you,  
However so bright.

The freedom of woods,  
Of fields,  
And of trees ;  
*No, no*, little Birdie,  
You could  
Never leave these.

## SNOW FLAKES IN EARLY SPRING

Soft as wool  
And pure as snow,  
Falling come  
From which they grow,  
See—the little snow flakes go.

Pure and white  
From out the sky,  
One by one  
They seem to fly.

Round and round;  
Again they try,  
Round and round,  
Again to fly.

Slow at first,  
Then faster—so  
Round and round  
And round they go.

Gaining strength  
As down they come;  
Pure and white,  
Still one by one.

Slow at first,  
Then in a hurry,  
Ending in a playful flurry.

For through it all  
Oft times awhile,  
The sun doth shine,  
I see him smile.



## WIND

As the Wind goes  
Shrieking down  
Through the trees  
And through the Town,  
The Baby Leaves  
Do frightened grow,  
With cheeks and eyes  
All in a glow;  
For refuge to their  
Mothers go;  
There to hide  
Their heads in fear  
From the shrieks  
Of wind they hear.  
Their mothers' skirts  
Both big and wide  
Vainly try to hide behind,  
As the Wind  
Doth naught beside  
Keep on howling  
Weird and wild.  
If their hold  
They should let go,  
Then, their mothers  
Would never know  
Where the Wind  
Her babes did blow.

But the Wind  
Doth naught beside  
Keep on howling  
Weird and wild,  
As it goes  
A-shrieking down  
Through the trees  
And through the town.  
Oh! wicked wind  
How could you, though  
Soft baby leaves  
To frighten so?  
For now it's time  
For them to sleep;  
But from their mothers'  
Safe retreat  
They do not even  
Dare to peep.  
But the wind  
Doth naught beside  
Keep on howling  
Weird and wild.  
Now, Oh, Wind!  
Enough you've said;  
*Do please stop*  
And end their dread,  
So the little ones  
May creep to bed.

## STARS

THE eyes of the stars are shining,  
Are shining very bright;  
They twinkle, and twinkle, and twinkle,  
In keen, and pure delight.

For the touch of Jack Frost's finger,  
Is seen upon the pane;  
That is why they twinkle, and twinkle,  
And twinkle again.

They seem now to be laughing  
At us—from the sky;  
They know *we* cannot  
Catch them,  
No matter how we try.

Jack Frost,  
He too is laughing  
As he quickly hurries by,  
For *he knows*  
That nearer to them  
*He can get*  
Than *you or I*.

## THE SWEETEST FLOWER

PANSIES for thoughts,  
Sweet baby, of you,  
Of light hair or dark hair,  
Brown eyes or blue.

Pure as a lily,  
Sweet as a rose,  
With your dear little ways,  
And cute little toes.

Sweet as the violet,  
And heliotrope too,  
When your hair is of gold,  
And your eyes they are blue.

Sweet as the honeysuckle,  
And mignonette too,  
When your hair is of brown,  
Your eyes the same hue.

SWEET peas,  
Asters,  
Chrysanthemums,  
and  
Phlox,

Mayflowers,  
Candytuft,  
Marigolds,  
and  
Stocks,

Then  
Pansies for thoughts.  
Sweet Baby, 'tis true,  
Of all these sweet flowers  
The sweetest is you.

## THE RAIN DROPS

PATTER, patter,  
Down they came,  
The little drops  
We call the rain.

Patter, patter,  
Down they came—  
Pattering  
On my window pane.

I stayed awake,  
But not from fright,  
To them a-listening  
All the night.

When in the morn  
At break of day  
The sunshine came,  
They ran away.

## BOY-LIKE

I LOVE to hear the brook  
In the summertime

A-flowing.

I love to pick the flowers  
Which near-by are

A-growing.

I love to make a whistle  
From the willows close at hand,  
Then home to go

A-blowing,

Thinking I am Sousa's Band.

But, best of all, to make-believe,  
Through woods so dark and green,  
Between the leaves

A-peeping,

By an Indiar. I am seen ;  
Then, to walk along quite boldly  
With my head held high,

*Just so!*

Clasping tight my father's shot-gun,  
When, b-a-n-g, I let it go.

I love to hear the brook in the summertime

A-flowing.

I love to pick the flowers which near-by are

A-growing.

When I too long alone do dream  
After me the shadows seem

A-coming and a-creeping

Then home I go to mother  
A-running and a-weeping!

## NIGHT

CREEPING, creeping,  
Comes the night;  
Softly, softly,  
With footsteps light,  
With velvet mantle  
Of dark hue  
Swiftly she envelops  
You.

As she can no longer  
Linger;  
With a touch of her soft  
Finger  
Gently down your  
Eyelids close,  
As on tippytoe she goes,  
As on tippytoe she goes.



## DAISY CHAINS

IN sweet, childish wonder,  
Days without number  
Your chain of white daisies  
you string.

With no thought of care  
On the grass you sit there,  
Roundabout you the sunshine  
doth cling.

The task now before you  
I'm sure will not bore you,  
For it is both pleasing  
And not hard to do.

The glad look of surprise  
In your wide open eyes,  
When with your light task  
You are through.  
Your chain of white daisies  
You throw o'er your head  
Oh! wee little maiden in blue.

## ROBINS

ONE morning  
Awakened early,  
From my window  
Chanced to see  
A Robin  
With four little ones  
In a nest  
In an apple tree.

The mother,  
She was feeding them  
A fat and juicy  
worm—  
With open, quivering mouths  
They were waiting  
For their turn.

But the mother  
Kept them waiting.  
She was slow  
And very firm.  
So they began to clamor  
Wildly—  
Wildly—  
For that worm.

But he in silence  
kept  
Except to wriggle  
And to squirm,  
Soon their clamoring  
Ceases  
And in reflective  
Mood  
The mother  
Fondly gazes  
On her now quiet  
But happy  
Brood.

## KING WINTER

ON the fields  
And on the trees  
Jack Frost  
Has set his seal,  
He is swiftly running,  
King Winter  
At his heel.  
With a bound  
And a shout  
He looks around,  
Old Winter he is near.  
With glowing cheeks,  
Soft brown hair,  
Are happy children in the rear.  
Loud their merry  
Voices ring,  
For the race is to begin  
Between Jack Frost  
And Winter's King.  
Which of the two  
Will winner be?  
The happy children  
Ask in glee.  
Jack Frost is young  
And strong and slimmer;  
Grim winter old—'tis true,  
And thinner;  
But with his skill  
Might carry through;

And of the two  
Might be the winner.  
Then over his shoulder  
With a smile and a grin  
Jack looks at winter  
So cold and so thin;  
Gasping for breath  
And panting within,  
With quick decision  
Slows down his pace;  
And so lets old winter  
Win the race.

When they sit  
Close together;  
Firmly holds these two  
No odds the weather.  
The laugh's on me  
Jack Frost, you sinner.  
You only know  
Why I'm the winner.  
Every year  
This game we play;  
You always end it  
Just this way.  
And the children  
Wondering, go,  
Why Jack Frost  
Was beaten so.  
Goodbye, old winter,  
I too must go  
To meet Miss April  
Through thinning snow.  
No wonder April weeps  
and weeps  
Warm tears from out the skies,  
For in her arms her lover sleeps  
Melting till he dies.

## ANSWERS

BLESSED is the Boy,  
Thrice blessed,  
Who, when the right time cometh,  
Answers: "Yes."

Happy is the Boy  
We know,  
Who, when the right time cometh,  
Answers: "No."

Much can the Boy  
Fulfil,  
Who, when the right time cometh,  
Says: "I will."

Conquerors all;  
Determined they;  
For when the right time cometh  
Win the day.



HUMOROUS

5 A.B.





DESCRIPTION OF A SCHOOL BOY COM-  
PELLED TO WRITE AN ORIGINAL  
POEM BEFORE BEING RELEASED

THE frogs were singing  
In the tree.  
Now—that sounds queer  
It seems to me.  
Oh—I know what's wrong,  
I see—  
It's birds I meant,  
Not frogs.  
*Oh, gee!*

The stars were shining  
Under foot,  
That's right, I know,  
Saw it in a book.  
Oh, come,  
I say?  
Was it overhead,  
Not, foot,  
I read  
That day?  
Oh, shucks!

Sure I must remember  
That  
Overhead, head, head,  
Red head!  
Jehosophat!  
I'm off the track.  
That's not where  
I'm at.

Any way, I don't care,  
Teacher has red hair,  
So there.  
She is conceited, too,  
And this ain't fair.  
But I don't care  
Ouch—pooh,  
Who says I do.  
Anyway, again I'll try  
Bright, blue sky,  
Cold winter's day,  
As I was walking  
On my way,

Picking flowers  
Red and buff—  
Hurray—  
That's the stuff,  
That's the lingo,  
Flowers  
Red and buff.  
But wait—  
Stay—  
Flowers—On a winter's day?  
Great Cæsar's Ghost!  
Wrong again.  
By Jingo!

Well, this sure is  
    *The limit.*  
And I see where  
    *I'm not in it.*  
But what more  
    From me  
    Expect?  
I'm no poet  
    And I know it.  
Sure—I'm not,  
    By Heck!

## WHAR'S THAT CHICKEN?

MAMMY has on her gown,  
Mammy has on her gown,  
The one she wears to church and town,  
Mammy has on her gown.

Pop is dressing too,  
Pop is dressing too,  
In clean shirt and tie of blue,  
Pop is dressing too.  
And we chilluns all have been,  
Washed and dressed and so are clean,  
Washed and dressed and so are clean,  
But Br'er Brose ain't dressing none,  
He jus' waiting for the dark to come.  
He jus' waiting for the dark to come.  
Shoo, he ain't dressing none.

But we chilluns all have been  
Washed and dressed and so are clean,  
For the minister's coming to tea,  
Happy, happy chilluns we,  
Happy, happy, happy be,  
Not 'because we will him see,  
But for the promise of a chicken tea,  
Happy, happy chilluns we,  
Happy, happy, happy be,  
But whar's that chicken?

Whar's that chicken,  
He sure am missin'.  
Br'er Brose he said  
He sure would git him.

On this yere fence  
I've been a sittin';  
Waiting for  
Ambrose to git him.

Yes, on this yere fence  
I've been awaitin'.  
Br'er Brose he sure am  
Aggravatin'!  
But whar's that chicken?

Ambrose he sure do  
Need a lickin',  
For that chicken  
He have *got* to *git* him.  
For the minister's coming to tea,  
For the minister's coming to tea.

Hu—s—h, Br'er Brose  
Am at de gate.  
Golly—but he am  
Awful late.

But whar's that chicken?  
Whar, did you git him?  
Bofe answers am, Oh, Brudder Steve,  
Most natural like,  
Jus' up my sleeve.

### A TRUE INCIDENT

Yes, times have changed in every way,  
Since my grandma's happy day.  
For the stories she did tell  
Were not like now I know full well.

Now for instance, one hot day,  
I planned a special call to pay,  
Three miles I walked in dust and heat,  
With aching head and tired feet.  
Thinking then my journey done;  
When within sight of the house I'd come,  
With thoughts of tea and toast and jam,  
Gaily at the door bell rang.

With sudden noise the window raised,  
And calm as at a stranger gazed,  
My friend in crisp, sharp tones did say,  
*"No, I'm not at home to-day."*  
Yes, times have changed in every way,  
Since my grandma's happy day.

## MANLIKE

YOUR father, he said  
He home would come soon,  
So as to help me fix up this room,  
And a few other odd jobs to do,  
Which he has long ago promised to.

Oh, here I am, mother,  
You see I have come,  
What is it, you want?  
Now, what's to be done?

All right, I know,  
Yes, I'll shovel the snow;  
So that's about through,  
What next will I do?

Now, where is that shovel?  
Where was it you said?  
All right, don't get excited,  
Don't get so red,  
I know now,  
But *you* get it instead.



What's that, you say?  
Dinner's all ready?  
I've had no time to think of any,  
I've been so busy. Phew!  
You only had  
To make a stew,  
Although it's easy,  
It's not in my line,  
Still, mother dear, I'm getting on fine.

I shovelled out as far as the gate,  
That will do for the present, it looks first-rate;  
What's that you say. Oh, how you do talk!  
It's true, I *didn't* shovel the walk.

Remember, mother, I haven't much time,  
Although I think I'm getting on fine;  
For don't you know to-night I go,  
With my friends to the picture show?

What makes you tired,  
Oh, why do you sit?  
Look at me, mother—  
I'm not a bit.

And all the work that I have done—  
I don't understand,  
You go for a run;  
Now that we, with dinner are through,  
So busy am I, I cannot go too.  
But you know I haven't much time,  
Still, however, I'm getting on fine.

Now then, what more?  
Hang picture on wall  
And tree to saw?

So mother, please bring up the hammer,  
I'm standing on the ladder;  
I'm doing my best to hang this thing,  
But's it's mighty hard without a string.

You'll find some, mother, I feel quite sure  
Down behind the cellar door.  
I'll save your steps, now, while your there,  
Just bring me up a kitchen chair.

Thank you, mother, that's just great.  
But this darn picture, it won't stay straight.  
Still, I guess it looks all right;  
Anyway, it will do to-night.

Some other day, when I have time  
I'll come home early. 'Won't that be fine?

Now then the tree. I must saw that,  
Open the window and get my hat,  
I'll soon settle it's tap, tap, tap.

One minute, mother, would you mind  
Just pushing up the other blind?  
In this dim light it's hard to see  
Which branch it is on this old tree.  
After this I cannot wait  
*By Jove!* but I have helped you great!

## MARCH

LIGHT and airy,  
Bright and breezy,  
Short this rhyme,  
But oh, so easy.  
In the spring,  
The lamb it comes  
In and out,  
Around it runs,  
Places never been before.  
Fancy, 'neath the lion's paw,  
But have no fear  
They play together,  
Just these two,  
Through chill March weather.

## SCHOOL DAYS

TICK—tock; tick—tock!  
Says the kitchen clock:  
You're late; you're late,  
It's half-past eight;  
Tick—tock; tick—tock,  
Says the kitchen clock.

Ding—dong, ding—dong,  
Come one, come all:  
You're late; you're late,  
It's half past eight;  
What's wrong? What's wrong?  
Ding—dong; ding—dong,  
Do—tell; do—tell,  
Says the old school-bell.

Come one, come all,  
Both big and small,  
Of girls and boys,  
Both short and tall.  
Last child in sight,  
Ding—dong; ding—dong,  
Now, everything's right,  
There's nothing wrong.  
All's well; all's well,  
Says the old school-bell.

TICK—tock, tick—tock,  
Says the kitchen clock:  
School's in for sure,  
Peace reigns once more.  
Tick—tock; tick—tock,  
Says the kitchen clock.